

make my character Granthope as sensational as you are. I've got your studio all right; but I think I'll have to get you to take the part. You could make an audience believe anything. I got the manuscript back, as you said I should."

"Is your play cast yet?" Pinkard laughed outright. "Part of it. What do you think? We've signed the Lady in Tope for the heavy woman, after all. She's an adventuress, all right! Talk about romance in every day life! She made a grandstand play with me for fair!"

"Do tell me about it." "Well, last night she turned up again, as bold as brass. I taxed her with being accessory to a felony, and she only laughed, by Jove! She swore it was all a joke, just to awaken my interest in her, and then she promised that the manuscript would be returned if I gave her a part. Well, the audacity of it tickled me just enough to accept. I wanted to see if it was a bluff. And what do you think? She said, as soon as I consented to the bargain, that I'd find the manuscript on my study table. I raced in immediately, and there it was! Here's your hundred dollars. You're a wizard. Sometimes I suspect that you were in cahoots with the Lady in Tope and planned out the whole thing yourself. But who on earth is she, anyway?"

Astro chuckled good naturedly. "I'm not wise enough to know that. She is certainly

clever, though. If you hadn't engaged her, I think I should."

"Well," said Pinkard, rising to take his leave, "there are tricks in all trades, they say. I won't inquire into yours; but if I want any more sleuthing done, I'll know where to go. I'll certainly send you a box for the opening night of 'The Chameleon.' I'm going to rewrite that part for the Lady in Tope, by Jove! It wasn't half good enough for her as it was."

WELL, Valeska," said Astro, "that proves again the value of a knowledge of human nature plus a friend 'below stairs.' I fancy Miss Van Amsterdam must have a rather guilty conscience to be so afraid of the revelations of Pinkard's book. She certainly secured a clever assistant in the Lady in Tope. It must have cost nearly a thousand dollars to put that little game through. I'd rather like to know, though, whether it was the heiress herself who crawled through the door across the shaft. At any rate, it was lucky for Pinkard that he wasn't a cad, as he said. I'm afraid his book would have never seen the light, else."

Valeska placed her hand lightly on the Seer's shoulder. "But you didn't mean—I mean, you wouldn't really have engaged the Lady in Tope as your assistant—would you?"

His answer was not in words, but Valeska was satisfied.

The next Seer of Secrets story, "Mrs. Stellery's Letters," will appear June 6.

## The Professional Coach

Continued from page 6

sentative of her sex: but she's subject, like the rest, to the laws of Nature. One of those laws says to her and to her sisters, "When you look for a mate, choose a man! Consequently, those sweet, ethereal beings are not specially looking for high browed graduates in conic sections and the higher criticism. They've no objection to that, but it comes after the other thing. They want to see a man first. Now let's get back to Bob Jameson."

"Why," the amazed Bob broke in, "don't you give me a course in anthropology?"

But I was not to be diverted. "The trouble with Bob Jameson," I went on, "is symmetrical development. Bob's a good brain; but he's a mighty poor animal. Do you begin to get the bearings?"

"Heavens, yes! What you say is true enough; but you ought to have begun with my grandparents."

"Very likely," I admitted. "To make a thoroughly good job of the thing, I should have had your grandmother on the parallel bars or the rowing weights. That being out of the question, let's see what can be done with her grandson. In the first place, are you going to be good, or are you inclined to be fractious?"

BOB sat silent for awhile, looking rather serious. Then he waved me into silence just before I broke loose again, and made a few remarks. "I get your idea," said he, "and from the purely scientific viewpoint I'm not prepared to deny that there's plausibility in it. But I hate to think—It seems rather sacrilegious."

"But it's my own hypothesis," I urged. "Spare your blushes. You may, if you like, hold onto all the romantic notions you have or can squeeze out of volumes of poetry and tomes of romance. That's all right for your side of it, old man. You are playing the lover's part, you know,—the first walking gentleman, with the kind of pretty talk the matinee girls like to mix with their caramels and their chocolate marshmallows. That's you. Now listen to me! I'm doing the sympathizing friend who has to be up to snuff and on the watch for the rocks that threaten to divert the course of true love. It's my little stunt to see that the wedding bells ring in the fifth act. So, mein Herr, each to his specialty! You keep repeating to yourself that marriages are the exclusive product of the celestial factory, and asking now and again, 'Who can fathom Love's mysterious ways?' Meanwhile I'll take charge of the business side."

Bob rolled a cigarette and looked gloomy; but he didn't say me nay.

"Don't you see," I asked, "that your way hasn't worked to the queen's taste? You are not the triumphant lover, by a long shot! So suppose you take my medicine. Is it a go?"

"What do you want me to do?"

When he asked this, I knew the battle was over, and I took a high hand with my captive. "You're to do as you are told. I intend to put you through a regular course of sprouts, a system of training. Give me a chance, and promise me the place of best man when it's all over but the wedding."

"No one could marry me without you as best man!" he answered. "Here I am—in the hands of my friend!"

WELL, I put all ideas of psychology out of my mind, and got Bob into shape just as if I had been training him for a university event. I stopped his cigars, stimulants, late hours, reading, desserts, sweets,—the whole thing. Then I put him through a course of boxing and fencing, jiu-jitsu, and also enough of the cinder track to give him a better bellows. And it's wonderful how he took to it. In a week, he was trying to overdo. I had to limit him. You see, he had never known what it was to be really a sound, healthy man in good training. It was like firewater to an American Indian.

Then I had a queer doubt come over me. I began to wonder whether Bob wouldn't get to feeling in such fine fettle that he'd forget Geraldine entirely. He began to look contented. His eyes had the outdoor look, his color was the tint of a prize fighter's, and he had an easy

swing when he walked that gave you joy just to watch him.

As I said, I wondered whether I hadn't made him so enamoured of the goddess Hygieia that the little girl down in the city had lost her rating.

BUT I didn't know Bob. He was clean pluck and solid endurance, and never took a look backward once he'd put the reins into my hands. But one evening, while he was resting from a long run, he turned to me suddenly and said:

"How long, oh, Oscar, how long? I'm trying to be good; but I have got to see her face pretty soon, or I'll be making a cross country run for the city. A man can shut his teeth and stand it for awhile, but—Give me a hint of when the sun will shine again. It's three weeks and two days since I've seen her face or heard her voice. How long, Oscar?"

"I began to wonder whether you were off the notion," I said.

"You don't mean that. You've known me too long and too well. I never had any of the sickly sentimental notions about Geraldine. I don't believe that you could give a less prejudiced account of her than I could—if I chose. It isn't that kind. I'm just in love with her, that's all, and anything in God's world that I can do to win her I shall do. If I fail, I shall go on without her, of course, as many a man goes on whose heart has been burnt out once for all. Now, no more of that, an thou lovest me! But—when is my time up, governor?"

I looked him over critically and, being compelled to admit that, so far as my ability went, he was a finished product, told him I had decided to allow him a commutation for good behavior, and set him free.

"Where's the timetable?" he cried, and left me without a word.

Such is human gratitude! As my uncle used to say, "How sharper than a serpent's tank it is to have a toothless child!"

HE left for town early next morning, though he had the grace to pronounce a few kind words at parting, stating that "the prisoner wished to express gratitude to the officials for their courteous treatment during his term of detention." But as he drove off for the station, he called back:

"Oscar, I feel like a winner!"

Then I knew I had done my share all right. Just here I begin to be uneasy. I ought to change the scene, and drag in a lovely melodramatic situation or two, with a mad bull and a tall fence: an insulting tramp on a lonely road; or, at the very least, a hated rival a full yard across the shoulders, whom Bob should unexpectedly chuck out of a second story window by means of a Cornish or Turkish wrestling trick.

Only—there wasn't anything of the sort. The nearest thing to it was a young fellow named Dunstable. He'd been forgerathering with Bob's chosen while Bob was away, and, considering his make-up, had made some progress. He was a well set-up six-footer, and looked very stunning when in evening dress. I've never told Bob, but I think, if I hadn't coached my man, Lady Geraldine might have been coaxed into an awful blunder. But she wasn't!

When Bob came back, Dunstable wasn't in it for a moment. There was a general fitness about my man that won hands down. Bob had the intellect, and—well, I had done something for him, too.

OF course, marriages are all made in heaven, you know; but—a professional coach can do wonders in teamwork. But don't tell Bob I said so.

Yes. I was best man, and the bride wore—Pshaw! See the daily papers!

### THE SAME THING

To say that some men are "quite stuck on themselves"

Is putting it very broad.

It's more polished, by far, to say such mortals are

Hall Cained—don't you see?—or B. Shaved.

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## PEOPLE IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE OF ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES

Should Wear Heels of Live Rubber on Their Shoes

This Article is Supplementary to Editorial in THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL

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Prevention of diseases is the sublimest function of present-day medicine. Then put heels made of Live Rubber and of correct shape on your children's shoes.

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and cures the thousand and one symptoms, some of them most obscure, that are to-day known to be caused by the giving away of that little keystone.

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When you cannot walk as far as you used without a feeling of fatigue, or your back aches, or you have an ache at the base of your brain; or a pain in your knees, ankles, or across the top of your feet, don't commence buying some patent medicine for rheumatism, but buy a good, substantial shoe that is straight on the inside and wide enough at the toes—that comes well up into the arch of the foot—then have a pair of Live Rubber Heels put on and save yourself all the pain and trouble that are bound to accompany a case of advanced falling of the arch of the foot.

On account of piracy in advertising, this short talk applies to the heels of Live Rubber made by O'Sullivan Rubber Company of Lowell, Mass., Orthopedic Dept.

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If every bit of delicate machinery that man produces carries with it springs, ball bearings, shock

absorbers, and such like to lessen the wear and tear, why should mankind place a piece of hard leather paved with iron nails beneath his heel and stamp his way along rough walks with never a thought for his own well-balanced self? To be consistent, if you put a shock absorber on your automobile to save its machinery, do as much for your own body.

When you order Rubber Heels insist upon getting "O'Sullivan's," as they are the only heels made of Live Rubber. The price of O'Sullivan's heels is 50 cents of all dealers. Substitutes cost the same but give the dealer 8 cents more profit—that's why he tells they are just as good.

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